

the failings of others I could not deprive you of those you could learn from mine. The Prince should always be a perfect model of virtue, all the more because he lives in a glass house. If, however, we fall into temptation in spite of ourselves, we must at any rate observe two precautions which I have always done. First that the time we give to our *liaison* should never be to the prejudice of our affairs, because our first object should always be the preservation of our glory and authority, which can only be done by steady toil. Secondly, and more difficult to practise, that in giving our heart we must remain absolute master of our mind, that we separate the endearments of the lover from the resolution of the sovereign; for the influence of a mistress is much more dangerous than of a favourite."

The brief record of 1668 only exists in one version, and there are neither *feuillets* nor journal with which to compare it. The Memoirs of 1661-2 describe the anarchy left by the Fronde and the means by which the young ruler quickly pulled the country together. Throughout the Memoirs there is singularly little reference to anyone except himself. Having decided not to have a First Minister, but to know, see and do everything himself, he merely required executants of his will such as Lionne and Colbert. He writes gratefully of his mother. "Her vigorous defence of my crown during my minority was a mark of her affection and virtue. ... I saw her several times a day, not as a duty but as a pleasure." He pays a friendly tribute to his neglected Queen but has no words of praise for his brother. The whole work breathes the robust conviction that absolute monarchy is the best form of government and that the author is the ideal ruler, a blessing

to his country and a model for his son. If the incense which he piles on his own altar becomes a little oppressive we may remember that even St. Simon, who had no love for the ageing monarch, confessed : // *itait ni bon et juste.*

The two greatest political apologies of the modern world, those of Clarendon and Bismarck, are the fruits of misfortune. We listen eagerly to their version of earth-shaking events, to their comments on friends and foes> to their reflections on the art of government. Unlike most political apologies, Clarendon's records were written at different times. Directly the first civil war was over Edward Hyde fled to the Scilly Isles and then to Jersey. The first seven books of the *History of the* and fragments of the eighth, bringing the story